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WHAT IS PAINTING?

I

PAINTING AS AN ART OF IMITATION

By KENYON COX

THE task I have here set myself is to consider what the art of painting essentially is, in what ways it resembles or differs from the other fine arts and, so far as I can, to determine in what desires or instincts it originates and to what faculties of the human mind it appeals. In such an inquiry there is always a danger that one may form a theory on an insufficient knowledge of the facts and bind oneself by a premature definition and thus, arguing from false premises, get farther from the truth in proportion as one argues logically.

One of the most curious instances of such an error is in a book which made a sensation in its day—Tolstoi's "What Is Art?". In that book Tolstoi began by formulating a plausible definition of art and then, by powerful and perfectly logical reasoning from that definition, demonstrated to his own satisfaction that many of the world's heroes of art, Shakespeare and Beethoven, Michelangelo and Titian, were either not artists at all or were bad artists while the maker of child's dolls is a good and true artist. Strangely enough, the extraordinary nature of his conclusions does not seem to have awakened any doubt in his mind as to the validity or the adequacy of his definition.

At the present time there is an immense amount of such theorizing going on about art, and particularly about the art of painting, which seems to take no account of the history of the art it is concerned with. It has long been a commonplace with the makers of theories that painting should tell no stories; it is now proclaimed that painting should not paint anything, and that the art is just about to reach its final and proper form by the "defecation"—the word is not mine—of its representative element.

If we wish to avoid errors and extravagances, we must examine the art of painting as it is and has been. If we can find out what have been its most permanent characteristics throughout the long ages during which it has been practised and in all the countries in which it is practised to-day, we may, perhaps reasonably assume that these characteristics are those most essential to its nature. It is only from a knowledge of what painting is that we may hope to generalize as to what it should be, and if we dare risk any definition it must be at the end of our inquiry, not at the beginning.

The history of painting, and of its twin art, sculpture, is as long as the history of mankind—it may even be said to be longer, for we know something of these arts as they were practised by primitive races of men about whom we know little but what their carving and their painting reveals to us. Perhaps as early as 100,000 B. C., at any rate during the quarternary period, which is supposed by geologists to have ended about ten or twelve thousand years before the beginning of the Christian era, a race of men inhabited the caves of Western Europe who lived by hunting and fishing. They were vitally interested in the animals on which

they lived and they have left a series of remarkable representations of these animals carved in bone, drawn with incised lines upon bones and antlers, or painted in colors upon the walls of their caves. The carvings seem to be a little older than the drawings and to show that sculpture, as has been the case in all subsequent periods of art, developed before painting; but the arts are largely contemporaneous and clearly differentiated, and the pictures on the walls are true paintings, not merely outlined but attempting color and some degree of light and dark. The paintings and drawings represent the mammoth, the reindeer, the salmon, the wild horse, the bison and the boar with singular truth of form and with a truth of action which has never again been attained until our own day.

What is most curious about these paintings, however, is that they are purely naturalistic and imitative, with no trace of a decorative motive, or an ornamental arrangement. There has been some speculation as to whether these representations may not have had a magic purpose, and have been intended to give the delineator power over the thing delineated, and from what we know of the ideas of primitive man the supposition is a likely one; but it is evident that such a supposition will not account for the origin of the art. Man must have learned to make an image of things before he can have thought of that image as giving him power over the things themselves. He must have made the first images in obedience to some deeply implanted instinct, and that instinct one must believe to have been another form of the instinct of imitation which controls the play of children and which originated the art of acting. Some modern researches into the art of savages seem to show that even those patterns which are apparently most meaningless originated in some imitation of natural forms, and that the earliest art of all primitive peoples was like the earliest art we know, an art of realism. What is certain is that painting, as a separate art, was already in existence at the almost inconceivably remote period of the cave men, and that it was an art of representation.

This race of cave men seems to have died out and to have been succeeded by other and alien races. In the bronze age, though there was a civilization in many ways much more advanced than that of the cave men, there seems to have been little art except a form of decoration by incised lines which have for us no representative value. If there was anything like painting, it has not come down to us, and what attempts at sculpture we know are of the grossest and most rudimentary description.

Anything that we can recognize as painting emerges for the first time from its long eclipse in the art of ancient Egypt, somewhere about four thousand years B. C., and it emerges as it disappeared an art of representation. Egyptian painting differs in many ways from the art of the cave men. It is vastly inferior to it in its representation

of life and movement. In many technical matters it is superior. It is from the first extremely conventional in its manner of drawing and in the number of attitudes it admits, and it grows more conventional rather than less, but it introduced man for the first time as the principal subject of art. The whole life of man from the king on his throne to the tiller of the fields, his actions and occupations, his houses and tools and costumes, his knowledge of this world and his beliefs as to the next, is depicted for us on the walls of temples and of tombs.

From the earliest Egyptian art to the art of our own time the history of painting in all countries is fairly well known to us. There are gaps in it where much has been destroyed, but there is always enough remaining to give us some fair notion of what the destroyed art must have been. And in all countries and all ages the art has been essentially the same. It has flourished at one time and decayed at another, it has been practised differently by different races and nations, it has varied enormously in the materials employed and in the method of employing them, and in the degree of imitation attained, but the object has always been the same. In all times the painter has striven to represent, as truly as his knowledge, the materials at his disposal and the conventions of his time would permit, things and actions existing or conceived of as existing.

In all times which we think of as times of progress in art there has been an increasing truth of representation, as in the Italian Renaissance from Cimabue to Titian. In the times we think of as the great epochs of art there has been a high degree of such truth. In the times we think of as the times of decadence there has generally been a lessening of such truth. From the whole history of art as we know it, we can only conclude that, in its essential nature, painting is the art of representing on a plane surface (in contradistinction to sculpture which works in three dimensions or, as we say, in the round) the forms and colors of objects. Its origin is in the instinct of imitation. Its most fundamental appeal—not necessarily its highest appeal but its most universal and necessary one—is to the sense of recognition. What first of all pleases us, in looking at a painting, is the recognition of the thing represented and of the truth of the representation.

From all this it might seem that the more exact the imitation of nature, in all particulars, the more pleasure the imitation will afford; and that the best painting is that which most nearly attains to an exact imitation. This conclusion has been drawn again and again, and by men whose knowledge and intelligence are sufficient to give their opinions great weight. Did not Leonardo da Vinci himself, one of the greatest of painters, proclaim that the finest painting is that which most nearly resembles the reflection of nature in a mirror? Yet the experience of mankind has, I think, conclusively proved that this is not true, and that, entirely apart from those non-imitative qualities of art which we are to consider later, in the nature of pictorial imitation itself, it is not the imitation in all respects the most exact which affords the greatest pleasure.

Let us take, for an example, an art rigidly limited in its degree of imitation by the nature of the means employed, like Greek vase painting. The vase painter had no tools but a fine pointed brush and black paint. He was limited to such truths as he could represent

with lines or with a few flat masses, that is, to truths of contour. He could give no idea even of the color of objects, still less of the light that falls on them or the shadows cast by them, of their surrounding by air or of their softening by distance. Yet if the contours he drew be true in themselves the eye will at once recognize and rejoice in that truth as fully as if all other truths were added. It may even recognize that truth more rapidly and rejoice in it more fully because there are no other truths to distract the attention. Add to the truths of contour so much truth of color as may be given without regard to light and shadow and you have as much truth as has satisfied the oriental nations and nearly as much as satisfied the Greeks and the artists of medieval Europe.

But it is not only from the limitations of the material employed or from lack of knowledge that artists have abstained from complete and exact imitation. In the development of the art of painting from the early Renaissance to our own day, new orders of truth have been added one after the other to its domain. To truths of contour and of the colors of objects have been first added truths of form as shown by light and shade, giving roundness and projection, and truths of color as affected by light and shade, marking the difference between colors in light, in shadow and in reflection; then truths of light and shadow for its own sake, not merely revealing form or varying color, but even disguising form and color; finally truths of light and of air as of an ambience in which all things exist and by which all things are visible.

But as each new order of truth has been added there has been some loss in the sharpness with which the old truths have been expressed. In the first place, as the artist's attention has been fixed on one truth he has felt less interest in the others; in the second place, as he has wished to direct the attention of his public to one truth he has deliberately neglected others; in the third place, he has found that the expression of the various orders of truth in their highest degree, in any one work, is physically impossible, one order of truth obscuring another, fulness of light and shade obstructing the perception of the contour, and clearness of line interfering with the expression of light and shade. We have therefore, in all art, a number of voluntary or necessary abstentions, and the more sure a painter is of what he wants to do the more certain he is to avoid close imitation of those qualities of things which are not to his purpose. We know that the very same Leonardo who declared that painting should be a mirror, refrained from painting whole categories of truth which he had seen and noted, and we know why he did so. In his note books there are careful descriptions of effects only painted in our own day, and very clear explanations of the causes of them. He saw the blue shadow of the impressionists and knew why it was blue. He saw the cold light on the tops of leaves, the golden green of transmitted light when the same leaves are seen from below, and the interruption of this light where the shadow of one leaf falls upon another. And when he has described all these things, with the acuteness of the most modern observer of effects of light he adds: "These things should not be painted, because they confuse the form."

Any one who knows much of modern painting and of the painters of to-day will know how completely this attitude has been reversed. Our contemporary artists have for the most part come to look upon explicitness of form almost with horror, and to consider definition of contour as a grievous fault. If they were asked why they hate a definite or what they would call a hard line, those of them who are capable of giving a reason would say: Because it interferes with the representation of nature's light and nature's mystery. They are perfectly right from their point of view, but so was Leonardo from his. There never has been and there never can be a complete art of painting, a perfect imitation of nature. There are only partial imitations in which one or another truth is gained by the sacrifice, in greater or less degree, of all the rest.

Not only is anything like an exact imitation of nature impossible for these reasons and for others—such as that nature's range from light to dark is many times greater than the range between white paint and black, that nature's detail is so intricate and minute that the human eye cannot follow it or the human hand render it, that at all points nature escapes from us and defies our poor means of imitation—but an exact imitation would not be desirable even were it possible. Now and then, by careful limitation of the subject matter of painting to what is most nearly imitable, by a suppression of the individual preferences of the artist, and by exhaustive study and painstaking labor, something measurably like true imitation has been attained, with the result that the beholder is left unmoved and almost uninterested. The reason of the ineffectiveness of such fairly exact imitation is not far to seek.

We have seen that the fundamental appeal of imitative art is to the sense of recognition, but as it is obvious that we can have no pleasure in the recognition of the thing itself, which we perform unconsciously and automatically at every waking moment, so we get little from the recognition of a reflection of it which is so like as to be indistinguishable from the thing. It is only as the reflection is different from the thing reflected that it interests us. The mere reversal from right to left of the reflection in a mirror may yield some slight interest. The reflection of a landscape in still water is much more interesting because its difference from the real landscape is greater. That nature should seem upside down is a much greater difference from its normal appearance than that it should be merely reversed from right to left, and besides this, reflections in water are generally different in degree of light and in color from the objects that cast them and, if the standpoint of the beholder is much above water-level, are different in form also because seen from a different angle. The presence of the landscape itself enables us to measure these differences, and we receive a degree of pleasure from the recognition of the same objects under new aspects.

Even a striking difference in scale, in the apparent size of things, may afford something of this pleasure. I remember that, as a child, one of my treasured possessions was a diminishing glass, or double concave lens, made from the bottom of a broken tumbler. I would sit for hours in the "back lot" behind our house gazing through this bit of glass and taking

delight in the recognition of familiar objects reduced to such tiny dimensions. Something of this pleasure we get from miniatures and statuettes, and their small scale is undoubtedly a part of their interest for us. But a perfect imitation of nature would not be like the image in a diminishing glass or that reflected in water or in a mirror; rather it would be like a bit of nature seen through a perfectly clear window-pane. Whatever pleasure this bit of nature might afford us, through its essential beauty or interest, such an image would also afford us, but it would not give us any specifically artistic pleasure—any pleasure differing in kind or degree from that afforded by nature. The function of the artist would be reduced to the making of duplicates which we might enjoy in the absence of the original scene.

We have seen that painting cannot make such duplicates, but it can do something much more to the purpose. It can make us sharers in the superior organization of the painter, can reveal to us in painting things we should not have seen for ourselves in nature, or make us recognize more instantaneously and more poignantly qualities of things that we should, if left to ourselves, have perceived much more slowly or dully.

The business of the painter as imitator is to give us, temporarily, the benefit of his power of vision, of his training and knowledge, of his perception of the significance of things, and by so doing to give us an unwonted sense of physical and mental efficiency which is in the highest degree pleasurable. We feel ourselves, for the moment, possessed of clearer senses, of more lively emotions, of greater intellectual powers, than we had imagined; we live more intensely, and rejoice in our perception of this intensity of life. This the painter effects by a selection of the characteristics of objects to which he wishes to attract our attention, dwelling upon the things he wishes us to see and eliding those he does not wish us to concern ourselves with, exaggerating here and suppressing there, consciously or unconsciously falsifying his representation in a thousand minute particulars so as to force us to see what he sees, not what we see when unaided, and giving a greater semblance of truth by his very infidelity to fact. His rank as an artist will depend largely upon whether the truths to which he directs us are important and essential or unimportant and trivial, and also upon the degree of exaggeration which he finds it necessary to use, the greatest artists usually employing delicate and restrained exaggerations while lesser men resort to exaggerations which are violent and extreme.

The aim of the great draughtsmen of the human figure, for instance, is to make us feel in the sharpest and clearest manner its form and structure, its movement or action, the articulations of its bony framework and the stresses and relaxations of its muscles and tendons. For this purpose a myriad of trivial and unnecessary details are ignored or slighted, the great forms are selected and dwelt upon, every line and touch becomes charged with the highest significance, and the bosses and hollows are so far exaggerated that we become acutely conscious of them and feel that we could pass our hands over them and follow the undulations of the surface with our finger tips. This is what Berenson means by "tactile values," the stimulation through the eye of the sense of touch, and he is quite right in think-

ing it one of the most important elements in the art of figure painting.

And now another and a curious exercise of the imitative faculty is brought about. We become the imitators of the imitation, and feel inspired to put ourselves into the attitude so clearly realized for us; we feel in our own bodies the stresses and the relaxations we have been made to observe and through feeling these are put into the mental state that caused them. By painting bodies the artist has forced us to paint souls. By the representation of the forms and movements of the human figure Michelangelo has made us feel the languid rousing into consciousness of the new-made Adam and the creative energy of the outstretched arm of the Almighty from whose finger flows the vivifying spark.

It is by a similar process of elimination and exaggeration that all the miracles of art are produced. It is by slight accentuations and slight suppressions that the portrait painter makes us divine the character of his sitter. It is by such means that the colorist reveals to us the beauty of nature's hues and the chiaroscurist the mystery of nature's light and shade. By dwelling upon those changes in appearance which mark the recession of objects into distance Perugino can give us a sense of infinite space in which we move and breathe freely and feel, as Berenson has said, "at one with the universe." By dwelling upon the mystery of shadow Rembrandt can cause us to feel the mystery of life, and by a deepening of nature's gloom and a heightening of nature's radiance he can make us aware of the presence of the supernatural. In all these ways pictorial representation may be life-communicating and life-enhancing, and may therefore give us that highest of pleasures, the sense of superiority to our ordinary selves.

As men imagine things unseen always in the terms of things seen, their wildest fancies being but the shifting and the recombination of the elements of known objects, the beings imagined by men are as much within the purview of imitative art as are the beings of the actual world. The painter of little imagination constructs these beings by the mechanical union of the separate parts of existing beings, each of these parts being literally copied from the thing itself. The painter of profound imagination feels what would be the nature and the character of a being uniting the characteristics of two or more actual beings, and by selection and exaggeration so modifies all the parts of things which he copies, as to conform them to the compound nature. He thus gives to his imagined beings a life of their own, realizes and externalizes them, and forces us to believe in their objective existence.

From man's loftiest conception of spiritual power, as in gods and angels, to his most terrible or most playful fancies, as in devils and mermaids and hippogriffs, we accept them unquestioningly, saying "so they must be, they cannot be otherwise." And thus believing, for the moment, in the reality of these beings and feeling profoundly and instantaneously the imaginative truth of the representation of them, we get the pleasure of recognition and of a sense of our enhanced power of perception and appreciation in an even greater degree than we can get it from the picture of real and familiar things. When we look at Blake's plate of the Morning Stars Singing

Together we feel that we too can see heavenly visions; when we gaze at Boecklin's grotesque monsters we feel that we too have voyaged in strange waters and know a siren or a sea-centaur when we meet them. Have we not all lived among those strange feathered creatures of Hokusai's and *seen* them carry bundles on their preposterous, elongated noses?

As the selective imagination thus deals with the creations of fancy, it deals with the world of reality. As it forces you to see and recognize the things that are not, so, in the things that are, it forces you to see and to recognize what it chooses. All representative art, as we have seen, produces, by so selecting, accenting or suppressing facts as to make us see more vividly the qualities of things than we could do by our own efforts; but there are two great categories of artists that are divided by the qualities of things upon which they dwell and which they cause us to recognize.

One set of artists, in representing any object or person, will be most interested in noting the differences between that object or person and all others of the same kind; the other set of artists will be most interested in recording the likeness of the object or person to others of its kind. One school deals with the individual, the other with the typical; one with character, the other with beauty. We call these two categories of artists realists and idealists, and we are apt to think that realism and idealism are much more opposed in their methods than they actually are. We think of the realist as attempting exact imitation and of the idealist as hardly imitating at all. But, as we have seen, the attempt at exact imitation is essentially inartistic. The true, or imaginative realist is as far from attempting pure imitation as the idealist and selects as carefully as he the qualities of things on which he shall insist. And the idealist finds in nature the things he selects for accent as surely as does the realist.

When the realist tells you: This particular man had such a mouth and nose, and this oak tree was so twisted and thwarted by salt winds; when the idealist tells you: Thus is man made and this is the form of an oak; they are each but selecting from the multiplicity of the real what shall express and enforce their ideal of truth. The extreme of what one may call the realistic ideal, the ideal of the expression of individual character at the expense of the typical and the universal, is the art of caricature, and it is obvious that caricature is further removed from literal imitation than is the loftiest idealism. Realism and idealism are but the modes of selective imitation. Their difference is not that one selects and the other does not, or that one imitates and the other does not, but only that they select and imitate different things. Either mode of selection may give us a masterpiece; on the one hand a portrait by Rembrandt, on the other a Madonna by Raphael. And no artist was ever consistently idealist or realist, for the habitual idealist will now and then delight in some trait of individual character, the habitual realist afford us some glimpses of typical beauty.

As painting represents not only objects but actions, as it represents not merely men and animals, but men and animals doing as well as existing, it cannot, if it would, avoid telling stories. The instant

you admit into painting any action whatever, no matter how simple, you admit some suggestion of what went before the action and of what is to follow it and of the cause and intention of the action—that is, you admit some element, however slight, of story.

Indeed it is difficult to paint so much as a piece of still-life without hinting at a story; for if the objects chosen are congruous and such as might naturally come together, their collocation will suggest some reason for their being where they are, if it is no more than that dinner is preparing; while if the objects chosen are such as would not naturally be found together, the spectator is set to wondering how they came there and to inventing some tale to account for their assemblage. If he sees a beefsteak and a spilled pipe, he will think the cook is untidy; if it is a dead fish and a lady's fan, he will speculate as to why the mistress left her fan in the kitchen.

You cannot paint a landscape without story-telling, for the mere indication of the hour of the day or of the season of the year will bring to mind the hours or the seasons preceding and following the hour or the season chosen. If you have been successful in giving any life to your landscape, it will have a sense of continuousness and progression, and will tell the story of the change of the year, of the dawning of the day or of the coming on of night. If there are any houses in your picture, or any tilled fields, they will tell something of the history of man. If it is perfectly wild nature that you have painted, that fact will tell the spectator that man has not yet come, or has come for the first time in his person, he being the explorer of that solitude.

With any representation of the human figure the difficulty of avoiding a story becomes still greater. Indeed it becomes so impossible that I have not been able to discuss significant figure drawing without showing how, in the hands of a great master like Michelangelo, it can tell the mighty story of the creation. But so far from trying to avoid story-telling, the figure painters of all times and countries have told stories with all their might, and one may almost say that the greater the artist the more determinedly has he set himself to tell stories. They have not only told stories of that generalized type which they could not well avoid—stories of the life of man and of his habitual actions—but they have told stories of the most specific kind, they have recounted their country's history and, above all, its myths and legends, the tales in which it has crystallized its philosophy and its religion.

Look where you will, to the art of the Egyptians and the Assyrians, the art of the Greeks and Romans, the art of the Chinese and the Japanese, you will find nothing but stories, stories, stories. The artists of the Renaissance covered the walls of their churches with the stories of the Bible, and Raphael and Michelangelo told more stories and told them better than the others. The Venetians told Bible stories too, or retold in their own language and for their own day the old tales of Greece and Rome. The Protestant Rembrandt told the old stories over again in a new way for a people that did not particularly want them and preferred its own portrait. The French painters of the eighteenth century told light and lascivious tales for a frivolous society and Hogarth told moral tales for the serious British

public. The Classicists told stories seriously and sometimes pompously, the Romanticists told them poetically or melodramatically and even the sturdiest of realists tell stories of real life, though they disdain legend and romance. The telling of stories has been so all but universal in the history of the imitative arts that the question is not whether they may advantageously tell stories, but only what stories they may most advantageously tell and how they may best tell them.

The human delight in a story has undoubtedly led painters at different times to tell stories that were not worth the telling, or that could not be clearly told in painting; and as bad painters have drawn ill or colored ill, so they have told stories badly. In the British art of the last century there was a deal of sentimental or humorous anecdote, illustration of novels and the like, which was used as a sauce to disguise bad painting. Hogarth, who was a good and sound painter, allowed his moralizing tendencies to lead him into the telling of stories which are too complicated to be told by the means proper to his art, and found it necessary to explain himself by all sorts of written labels, marking papers "bill" or "mortgage," as if one should say: This is a sheep, or packed twenty incidents into the space of one. Greuze told his stories theatrically, setting the attendants at a humble death-bed into wild attitudes of frenzy and despair. His story-telling is as false as his cold and disagreeable color. It is not so that the great painters have told stories.

They have chosen some story of vital import, of great dignity, of universal interest. They have so chosen it that it may be told in its essential part by the attitude and gesture of the principal figures, and they have generally chosen a story so well known that, the critical moment being depicted, the memory and imagination of the spectator will at once supply all that went before or comes after it. And having so chosen, they have bent all their powers to the telling of the chosen story as fully, as forcibly and as clearly as possible, purging away everything unnecessary to that end, avoiding all useless accessories, concentrating upon the few essential facts, the few necessary attitudes and gestures.

It is the peculiar glory of Giotto that he so told a whole cycle of Bible stories and of stories of the lives of saints that the manner of their telling was fixed and that for two hundred years his versions of them were repeated with but slight variations. It is one of the great glories of Raphael that his manner of telling another such cycle has not yet ceased to dominate our imagination, so that we can see certain subjects in no other way than as he saw them. Michelangelo's frescoed epic of the Book of Genesis is the most sublime creation of pictorial art, as Rembrandt's romances from the Apocrypha and his tales of the Man of Sorrows are the most poignantly human. Finally, within the lifetime of many of us, Millet told the story of man's life of labor, of the sowing of the seed and the reaping of the harvest, of the guarding of the flocks, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water with the same authority and the same finality. We cannot hear the word sower without seeing the "august gesture" of that striding figure against the sunset; we cannot hear of gleaning without seeing those bent backs and fingers groping

One must not misunderstand the grandeur of Doubt; it raises the thought because it moves and delivers it. But perpetual doubt is not allowed save to a very small number of minds. Humanity as a whole is afraid to think, but it has need to act. Now, action is to make an act of faith. Man can do without reasoning, but he cannot get along without beliefs. Doubt which paralyzes action is suffering; but when it disorganizes will, disarms enthusiasm and betrays love it ends by becoming something worse than misery; as regards one's neighbors and oneself it is a disquieting gesture of disloyalty. Finally, doubt is the negation of life. The doctrine of the universal vanity of things would have killed humanity, if it had managed to persuade humanity. Nature with life imposes confidence. The soul cannot remain a desert; the soul has need of a faith, an ideal or a will. If a dogmatic, philosophic or religious faith is no longer possible, the will for an ideal which is certainty (since it is an active element of reality) constitutes also all the necessary certainty; it is far more indispensable than faith.

To all those who are not able or do not know how to conceive of an ideal, philosophy ought to bring its

aid. No matter what ideal, rather than skeptical materialism! Though it be chimerical, it is not false if it consoles and strengthens the conscience, if it augments the sum of terrestrial good and happiness. After all, nothing great is accomplished that has not at first appeared a chimera. Truth to-day is the chimera of yesterday and history is nothing but a sequence of realized chimeras. Thus the ideal is superior to positive certainty by all the height of the infinite which it includes.

To restore the Ideal! No rôle loftier and holier! Mission of reparation, veritable redemption from the errors of the mind, eternal task in which philosophy has never failed! How can it be accomplished at present?

That is the secret of time. We can only affirm that, in order to be durable, a work of this kind ought to be collective work—that innumerable thinkers should concur for infinite efforts, and that from this moment on, these same men, philosophers, poets, artists, men of ready help, in order to raise its lost glory up once more, ought to unite their hopes and labors—all those who believe with their whole soul in the legitimate sovereignty of the Ideal!

To Be Continued

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in the stubble. For in painting as in poetry, the story once fittingly and completely told is told forever.

For at least fourteen thousand years, then, from the time of the cave-men to our own day, painting has been an imitative art, and it seems likely that it will continue to be so. That it should, within a few years, entirely reverse its current, and should flow in the opposite direction for thousands of years to come seems highly improbable, not to say incredible. Yet we are gravely told that it is about to do this; that, at the hands of a few enthusiasts

it has, by the abandonment of its representative element, reached its final and definite form, and that no further changes are possible. Henceforth, as long as men live in the world they are to be satisfied with a non-representative art—an art fundamentally different from that which they have known and practised and enjoyed.

We have seen something of what mankind would lose by such a change were such a change possible. In the next paper we shall see what pleasure-giving elements of the art of painting would still remain for his enjoyment.

Kenyon Cox

